

Andrews University
SONG BOOK



3 1761 06676044 8

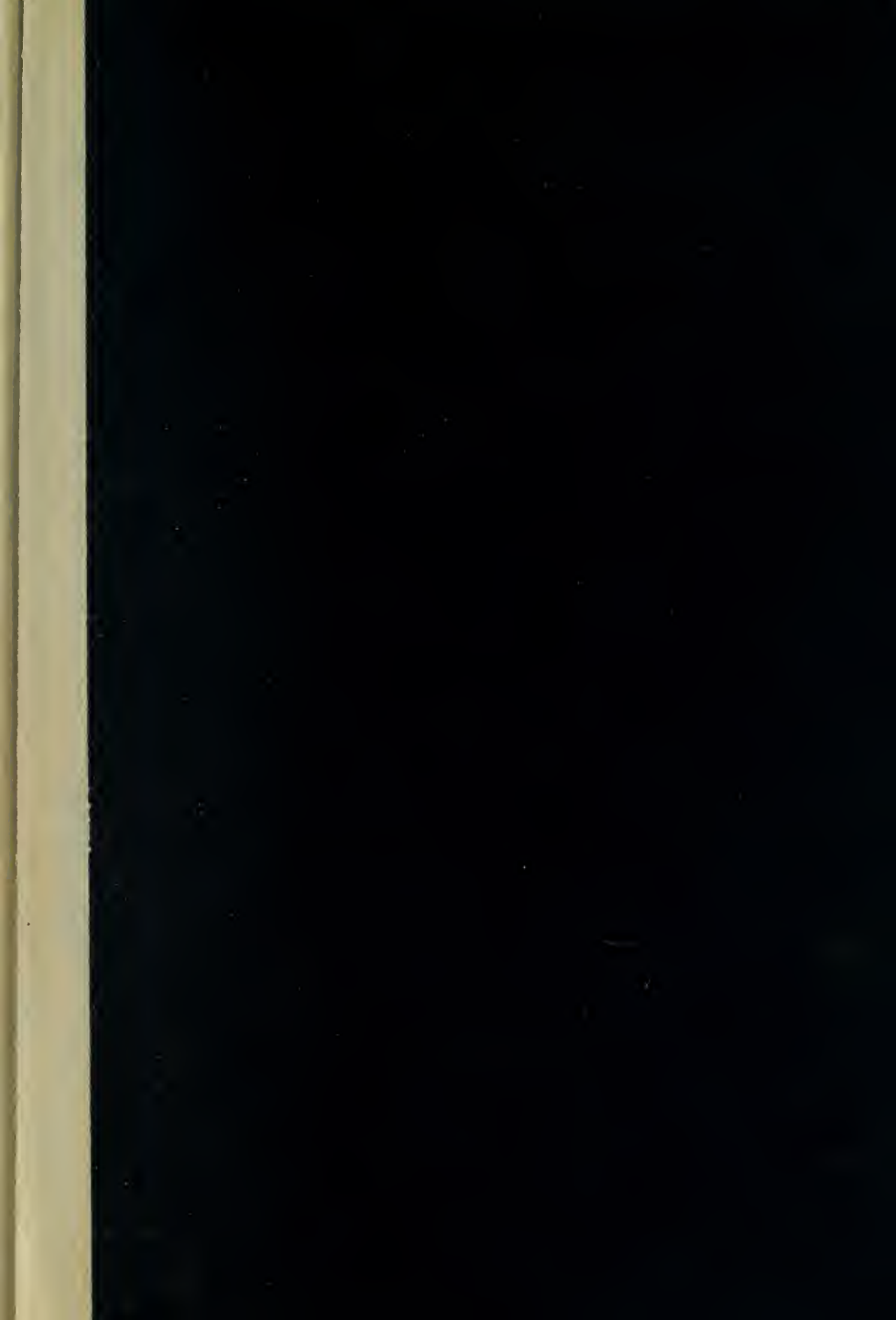
BRIEF

PR

0031636



Presented to the
LIBRARY *of the*
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
by
The Hon. Peter Wright



1/4

Lus. Ferguson

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of Toronto

THE
STUDENT SONGS
OF
the University
OF
ST. ANDREWS



PUBLISHED BY THE
STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE
COUNCIL
1890

brief

PR

0031636



STUDENTS' SONGS.

“ Gaudeamus.”

GAUDEAMUS igitur,
Juvenes dum sumus :
Post jucundam juventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus,
Nos habebit humus.

Vivat Academia,
Vivant Professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quælibet,
Semper sint in flore,
Semper sint in flore !

Vivant omnes virgines
Faciles, formosæ,
Vivant et mulieres,
Dulces et amabiles,
Bonæ, laboriosæ,
Bonæ, laboriosæ !

Vivat et respublica
Et quæ illam regit :
Vivat nostra civitas,
Mæcenatum caritas,
Quæ nos hic protegit,
Quæ nos hic protegit !

Pereat tristitia,
 Pereant osores,
 Pereat diabolus,
 Quivis antiburschius,
 Atque irrisores,
 Atque irrisores !

The Country Parson's Lament.

Air—"PRINCE CHARLIE'S LAMENT."

GIVE me back my gown and trencher
 That were once so dear to me ;
 Better is that life Bohemian
 Than respectability.
 Oh, this black coat chafes me sadly,
 Roman collars scrape my chin ;
 And 'tis hard to get ideas
 Out, when there is nothing in !

Give me back my cosy "diggings,"
 And its cupboard stored with beer ;
 Where so oft the merry circle
 Filled the air with laugh and cheer.
 O those days of thoughtless pleasure—
 O those nights of lengthened chat ;
 Nothing in this lonely mill-round
 Can refresh my heart like that !

Jack with laugh that stirred up laughter—
 Jim a favourite with the fair—
 Mac who nightly slew the "Phairshon"—
 Joe with philosophic air :

All are now in country manses—
Hebrew vexes them no more ;
But the fattest living never
Can bring back those days of yore.

H. M. B. REID.

Ta Phairshon.

THE MASSACRE OF M'PHERSON.

(From "*Bon Gaultier Ballads*.")

PHAIRSHON swore a feud
Against ta clan M'Tavish ;
Marched into their land
To murder and to ravish ;
For he did resolve
To extirpate ta vipers
With four-and-twenty men
And five-and-thirty pipers.

But when he had gone
Half-way down Strath-Caanan,
Of his fighting tail
Just three were remainin'.
These were all he had
To back him in ta battle,
All the rest had gone
Off to drive ta cattle.

"Fery coot !" cried Phairshon,
"So my clan disgraced is ;
Lads, we'll need to fight
Pefore we touch ta peasties,

Here's Mhic-Mac-Methuselah
Comin' wi' his fassals,
Ghillies seventy-three,
And sixty Dhuine-wassails."

"Coot tay to you, sir;
Are you not ta Phairshon?
Was you comin' here
To fisit any person?
You're a plackguard, sir!
It is now six hundred
Coot long years, and more,
Since my glen was plundered."

"Fat is tat you say?
Dare you cock your peaver?
I will teach you, sir,
Fat is coot pehaviour!
You shall not exist
For another day more;
I will shoot you, sir,
Or stap you with my claymore."

"I am fery glad
To learn what you mention,
Since I can prevent
Any such intention."
So Mhic-Mac-Methuselah
Gave some warlike howls,
Trew his skhean-dhu
An' stack it in his powels.

In this fery way
Tied ta faliant Phairshon,
Who was always thought
A most superior person.

Phairshon had a son
Who married Noah's daughter,
And nearly spoiled ta flood
By trinking up ta water!—

Which he would have done,
I at least believe it,
Had ta mixture been
Only half Glenlivet.
This is all my tale,
Sirs, I hope, 'tis new t' ye!
Here's your fery good health,
And tamn ta whusky duty!

The Bounding Ball.

WHAT care we for a peaceful life,
With its single match of pairing!
Oh, sweeter far is the kindling strife
When victory tempts to deeds of daring.
Then indeed we languish one and all,
But the nymph we clasp is the bounding ball.

Plagued be the fools who ceaseless rave
Of golden youth as dying,
Of choosing sides beyond the grave,
But all worldly joys and pleasures flying,
With the gallant run and the crushing maul,
And the goalward flight of the bounding ball!

Who would be by their cant appalled,
Or seek from our ranks to sever?

Too soon, in sooth, may time be called
 And the touch of death restrain for ever.
 But till friendship fail and fortune pall,
 We'll drink to the toast of the bounding ball.

DOUGLAS GORDON BARRON.

The Probationer's Farewell to St. Andrews.

Air—"THE STIRRUP-CUP."

THE last words of parting have dropped from my lips ;
 The last pipe of friendship has vanished in vapour ;
 I've paid all my bills and got the receipts,
 From landlady, grocer, tobacconist, draper :
 The 'bus-horse is jangling his bridle without—
 Alas ! I must leave thee, St. Andrews, for ever !
 Yet still while I wander in search of a kirk,
 St. Andrews, thy memory leaveth me never !

How often the sea-breeze has blown o'er my face,
 As I walked o'er the links in the bright summer air,
 And love hung all trembling on sweet maiden lips,
 And little I recked of trouble or care !
 But now all is ended : the turmoil of life
 From love-wildered musings my pathway must
 sever ;
 Yet still while I wander in search of a kirk,
 St. Andrews, thy memory leaveth me never !

Farewell ! the shrill whistle is blowing the start ;
 Farewell ! ancient streets that must know me no
 more ;
 Perhaps some kind heart may remember me there—
 Some heart that has throbbed for me often before.

Farewell, dearest comrades in work and in play—
I leave you behind me, it may be for ever ;
But still while I wander in search of a kirk,
St. Andrews, thy memory leaveth me never !

H. M. B. REID.

The Jolly Student.

Tune—"THE MILLER O' THE DEE."

THERE was a jolly student once,
Lived near St. Andrews Bay ;
He slept at morn and waked at eve,
And lived right merrily.
And in the morning, as he shaved,
He ever used to say,
"For nought but love and wine care I,
And books I bid away."

But this once jolly student,
So cruel were the Fates,
Lost credit with Professors, and
Lost his certificates.
So in the morning, as he shaved,
He now began to say,
"Henceforth for nought but books care I,
And pleasures bid away."

Now, this once jolly student,
No owl's more glum than he ;
Now dons do pat his stooping back,
And he's got his degree.

But ever as I pass him by
 I mournfully do say,
 "There was a jolly student once,
 But he has passed away."

H. M. B. REID.

A Jolly Green Bejant.

Tune—"EIN NIEDLICHES MÄDCHEN."

A JOLLY green bejant, fresh from school,
 Came up to our city to grind,
 He went to Professors, and followed each rule
 For maturing a juvenile mind,
 Maturing a juvenile mind,
 Maturing a juvenile—Ha, ha, ha, ha,
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
 Maturing a juvenile mind.

Our bejant worked like a hatter, and burked
 The wrath of examining gang,
 But it fell one fine day, he chucked books away
 For Polly, in spite of her slang.

Chorus.—For Polly, *etc*.

'Tis Polly they call his landlady's gal,
 And Hill is her surname, they say;
 His name it was Will, but it ended as Bill,
 Who eloped with a sweet L.L.A.,

Chorus.—Who eloped, *etc*.

The Bejant's Song.

Air—"THE PALE YOUNG CURATE" (*Sir A. Sullivan's*
"Sorcerer.")

TIME was when the Cross and I were well acquainted ;
 Time was when there I many a drink would stand :
 A noble youth, by sober sense untainted,
 None better loved—when I had cash in hand.
 I never ground, no dread Exams hung o'er me,
 I played at nap all night with fourth-year's men ;
 At billiards, too, Divines would often floor me,
 Ah, me ! ah, me ! I was a gay young bejant then.

Chorus.—A gay young bejant, a gay young
 bejant, ah, me ! ah, me !

I was a gay young bejant then.

Time was when S——y bored me with his version,
 And C——I tried to fright me with his *tetupai* ;
 I'd much prefer the story of Ta Phairshon,
 Or join the chorus of our own Kai-ai.
 Time was when L.L.A.'s of every nation,
 Deserting other Academic men,
 Gazed on my gownèd form with admiration—
 Ah, me ! ah, me ! I was a fine young bejant then.

Chorus.—A fine young bejant, *etc.*

Time was when at the annual Gaudeamus
 I feasted high on Milton's noble cheer,
 And whisky drank sufficient to embalm us,
 And when I stopped I'd not the least idea.

Then homeward from the festive scene they bore me
 (I was too much for one, so there were ten),
 My head hung down, my feet were stretched before
 me,

Ah, me! ah, me! I was a bad young bejant then.

Chorus.—A bad young bejant, *etc.*

“Had I a headache?” glared the Profs. assembled,
 What mattered that, when Kermath’s shop was
 near?

I had a shave and in that way dissembled,

For I must always have my pint of beer.

But now I’m vexed with *humerus* and *sternum*,

I grind up bones with hundreds other men,

My tired brain reels, whene’er I try to learn ’em.

Ah, me! ah, me! I would I were a gay young
 bejant again.

Chorus.—A gay young bejant, *etc.*

The Drinking Song.

Air—“ROBIN TAMSON’S SMIDDY.”

COME, jolly boys, the bottle pass,

Let’s drink and all be merry;

We don’t come here to mope and pine,

Then let our hearts be cheery!

Don’t pour the wine with sparing hand,

As if ye feared the liquor,

The bottle tilt, brim fill the glass,

And—ye’ll be fou the quicker!

Chorus.—Fal de ral,

Fal de ral de rerrie,

Fal de ral,

Let’s drink and all be merry!

Prepare your toasts and sentiments,
 And tune your pipes for singin' ;
 Come, clear your throats—that's if you can—
 The lass the whisky's bringin'.
 In chorus let the room resound
 Till ye can sing no longer,
 Till each and all goes round and round—
 But mix the toddy stronger !

For toddy ne'er will hurt a man
 Unless he "droon the miller"—
 We'll drink then, all, and happy be,
 As long's we hae the siller !
 Then here's to whisky—long live it !
 And here's to all who love it !
 And here's to Kate, whose health we drink,
 And hanged be all "above it" !

The Bejant's Chorus.

Air—"THE POLICEMEN'S CHORUS" (*Sir Arthur Sullivan*).

OH ! he came up to the 'Varsity on a Monday,
 And he only had his college course begun,
 But he quickly took to singing with a vengeance,
 "Oh, a Bejant's life is not a happy one !"

When he cannot get a crib to grind up Homer,
 When he'd rather be a-golfing in the sun,
 And when called on for a lesson never learned,
 Oh ! a Bejant's life is not a happy one !

When Math. is hanging heavy on his conscience,
 Then he wishes to the mischief it were done ;
 When his life is rendered dismal by old Euclid,
 Oh ! a Bejant's life is not a happy one !

And when safe within his little bunk at evening,
 And the beer upon the table's almost done,
 You should see him on a sofa singing gaily,
 "Oh! a Bejant's life's a jolly happy one!"

R. B.

Grinding.

Alu—"IN KÜHLEN KELLER."

IN class-room cold I sit and con
 From time of early matin,
 With many a sigh and long-drawn yawn,
 My musty Greek and Latin.
 I've store of flimsy German texts,
 In ugly yellow binding;
 And all the gloomy morning through
 I'm grinding, grinding, grinding.

Long-winded Xenophons I cram,
ἐνταυθα's and *ἐντετυθεν's*,
 And Virgil's "pius" old grandam,
 With all his high-falutins;
 The mists of Ciceronian phrase
 My aching eyes are blinding:
 My nose is very cold,—and still
 I'm grinding, grinding, grinding.

With "Ars Poetica" I'm vexed—
 Hexameters Homeric:
 Euripides torments me next
 With tragedy hysteric:
 The threads of Livy's prosy tale
 I'm painfully unwinding;
 And still the hours drag slowly on—
 I'm grinding, grinding, grinding!

I cannot take to Latin prose
 Or Roman Literature,
 The verbs in μ are deadly foes,—
τυπτω I can't endure.
 Unless from out this misery
 Some way I'm quick in finding,
 I'll sell my cribs and bid farewell
 To grinding, grinding, grinding!

H. M. B. REID.

Heave Away!

THE captain's on the quarter-deck, his spy-glass in his hand—

Heave away, my jollies, heave away, O!

The mate is on the fo'castle, a-giving of his commands;

Then hurrah, my jollies! for we're all bound to go,
 For we are bound to go, and we dare no longer stay.

Heave away, my jollies, heave away, O!

The ladies are in the cabin, so sorrowful in their mind—

Heave away, *etc.*,

A-thinking of their true loves, whom they have left
 behind.

Then hurrah, *etc.*

The middies are in the cabin, a-drinking rum and
 wine—

Heave away, *etc.*,

And laughing at the duns, whom they have left
 behind.

Then hurrah, *etc.*

Poor Jack sits up on the maintop-yard, an ear-ring
in his hand—

Heave away, *etc.*,

A-thinking of poor Susan, whom he has left on land.

Then hurrah, *etc.*

The Profs'. Song.

HERE's to the Rector come to see
The students of this 'Varsity,
Head o'er all the Profs. and we,
The mightiest he in the 'Varsity.

Chorus.—With a Kai, ai, ai, ai, ai!
With a Kai, ai, ai, ai, ai!
With a Kai, ai, ai, ai, ai, ai, ai!

Here's to the Don of the 'Varsity,
The man who's up in the Greek idee,
Which idee, alas for me!
Must be ground for my degree.

Chorus.

Here's to the Prof. of Humanity,
Likewise the Prof. of Philology,
Latin to he is a mystery,
Without the help of an English Key.

Chorus.

Here's to the Prof. of Geometry,
The latest expounder of a , b , c ,
But oh that he and his $a + b$
Were sunk in the sea of nonentity!

Chorus.

Here's to the Prof. of Philosophy,
The mystic sage of the 'Varsity,
The Man of Darkness—the man at sea
In the maze of Responsibility.

Chorus.

Here's to the Prof. who has come to we,
To cram us in Psychology ;
Rare boy he, and rare boys we,
The best in all the 'Varsity !

Chorus.

Here's to the Prof. of Physiology,
Famous for his jocularly,
Listen to he when he tells a story,
But don't trust its credibility.

Chorus.

Here's to a Prof. of Divinity,
A man of wondrous ubiquity,
Where'er you be you're sure to see
This man of curiosity.

Chorus.

The Two Brothers.

Air—"COLESHILL."

THERE was a man who had two sons,
And these two sons were brothers :
Tobias was the name of one,
And Bancas was the other's.

Now these two brothers had one coat,
 They bought it on a Monday ;
 Tobias wore it all the week
 And Bancas on the Sunday.

It happened in the course of time
 That these two brothers died :
 They laid Tobias on his back,
 And Bancas by his side.

They brushed the coat with rev'rent care
 With many a sigh and sob ;
 It grieved them to the heart to think
 'Twould only fetch one *bob*.

The Student Gay.

Air—"THE GOWDEN VANITEE."

THERE was a student gay, and a student gay was he,
 Eek deedle dee, and the student gay,
 And he came up to our Universitee,
 This student so very gay.

He had not stayed a week, a week but only three,
 When he fell into some idle companee.

They taught him to smoke, and they taught him to
 drink,
 And never pass a girl without a roguish wink.

So he drank and he smoked, and he smoked and he
 drank,
 Until his exchequer to zero sank.

Then he called for his chums in number twenty-three,
And said, "What course would you recommend to
me?"

Then a deep draught of beer took those chums
twenty-three,
And cried, "Why! go in for a bursaree."

So he combed his hair, and he picked his teeth,
And boldly he called on Principal Macbeath.

Then the Principal frowned, and he said, says he,
"Go, sir! Repent of your debaucheree."

Then about, and about, and about went he,
Until he got a tutorship in an Academee.

Then came his chums, in number twenty-three,
And wanted to borrow his little salaree.

But nobly he spurned them, and stuck to his books
Until the aged Principal had glided off the hooks.

Then being a Conservative, he got the vacant chair,
And his chums twenty-three were surprised to see
him there.

Then they all took to grinding, those idle twenty-three,
And hope some day to be as fortunate as he.

MORAL.

Now, all ye students gay, who get into difficultee,
Be sure you get a tutorship in an Academee.

Ben Backstay.

BEN BACKSTAY was a bos'n—
He was a merry boy ;
For none as he so merrily
Could pipe “ All hands, ahoy ! ”

Chorus.—With a chip chop cherry, boys, *etc.*

Once sailing with a captain,
Who was a jolly dog,
Our Ben and all his messmates got
A double share of grog.

Chorus.

Now Benny he got tipsy,
Quite to his heart's content,
And leaning o'er the starboard side
Clean overboard he went.

Chorus.

A shark was on the starboard side,
And sharks no man can stand,
For they do gobble up everything
Just like the sharks on land.

Chorus.

They threw him out some tackling
To give his life a hope ;
But as the shark bit off his head
He couldn't see the rope.

Chorus.

Solemnly—

At twelve o'clock his ghost appeared
 Upon the quarter-deck—
 "Ho, pipe all hands, ahoy!" it cried,
 "From me a warning take.

Chorus.

Through drinking grog I lost my life,
 The same fate you may meet,
 So never mix your grog too strong,
 But always take it neat."

Chorus.

Polly Hill.

Oh, my name is Polly Hill,
 And I have a lover Bill,
 But he's caused me many a pang;
 For his regiment got the rout,
 And has gone to the right-about,
 To the banks of the Yang-tse-kiang.

Oh the war had broken out,
 Though I don't know what about—
 But they that make wars go hang!
 For he's gone with thousands ten
 To fight the Chinamen
 On the banks of the Yang-tse-kiang.

Oh! it's five years passed away,
 Till it fell upon a day,
 As I sat by the door and sang,
 That a soldier stopped and said,
 "Oh, your lover Bill is dead,
 On the banks of the Yang-tse-kiang!

'Twas in the tea-tree glen,
 That we met the Chinamen,
 And one of the rogues let bang,
 And laid poor William low
 With his toe unto the foe
 On the banks of the Yang-tse-kiang.

'Oh,' says poor Bill to me,
 'Take this little sprig of tea,
 And tell Poll where it sprang,'—
 Now that was all he said,
 When his head dropped like lead,
 On the banks of the Yang-tse-kiang.

So here I hand to thee
 This little sprig of tea,
 'Twas by poor Bill's grave it sprang.
 You may keep it if you will
 As a souvenir of Bill
 And the banks of the Yang-tse-kiang."

"Now, my soldier boy," says I,
 "Do you see green in my eye?—
 Oh, pray excuse the slang!—
 For I'm still your Polly Hill,
 And you're welcome home, my Bill,
 From the banks of the Yang-tse-kiang."

THOMAS DAVIDSON.

Upidee.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
 Tra la la, Tra la la,
 As through a Yankee village passed
 Tra la la, la la,

A youth who bore upon his back
A showy sign-board done in black.

Chorus.—Upidee-idee-idah, Upidee, Upidah.

His eye was black, his hat was white,

Tra la la, *etc.*,

The former was not over-bright,

Tra la la, la la ;

And as he marched he feebly sung

What sounded like a foreign tongue.

Chorus.

Before a house within a lane,

Tra la la, *etc.*,

He halted. It came on to rain,

Tra la la, la la,

And knocking, with a fiendish grin

A damsel came and let him in.

Chorus.

“Oh stay !” the maiden said, “and rest

Tra la la, *etc.*,

Thy sandwich-board upon my breast,”

Tra la la, la la ;

To which the young man meekly said,

“I’d much prefer to rest my head !”

Chorus.

“Beware, bold youth,” retorted she,

Tra la la, *etc.*

“You’ll take no liberties with me,”

Tra la la, la la.

Whereat the young man loudly swore ;

She turned him out, and locked the door.

Chorus.

There on a doorstep cold and flat,
 Tra la la, *etc.*
 With no companion but a cat,
 Tra la la, la la,
 He heard all night the cheerful sound
 Of myriad voices all around.

Chorus.

Wrap me up in my Tarpaulin Jacket.

(WORDS BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.)

Chorus—WRAP me up in my tarpaulin jacket,
 And say a poor buffer lies low, lies low :
 And six stalwart Lancers shall carry me,
 With steps solemn, mournful, and slow.

A tall stalwart Lancer lay dying,
 And as on his deathbed he lay, he lay,
 To his friends who around him were sighing,
 These last dying words did he say :
 Wrap me up, *etc.*

Oh had I the wings of a little dove,
 Far, far away would I fly,
 Right to the arms of my true love,
 And there would I lie down and die.
 Wrap me up, *etc.*

And get you two little white tombstones,
 Put them one at my head and my toe,
 And take you a penknife and scratch there
 Here lies a poor buffer below.
 Wrap me up, *etc.*

And get you six brandies and sodas,
And set them all out in a row
(In a row—don't you know ?);
And get you six jolly good fellows
To drink to this buffer below.
Wrap me up, *etc.*

And then in the calm of the twilight,
When the soft winds are whispering low, so low,
And the darkening shadows are falling,
Sometimes think of this buffer below.
Wrap me up, *etc.*

“The Mermaid.”

'Twas in the Atlantic Ocean,
'Mid the equinoctial gales,
That a young fellow fell overboard
Amongst the sharks and whales.
And down he went like a streak of light—
So quickly down went he—
Until he came to a mermaid
At the bottom of the deep blue sea.

Rule Britannia.

She raised herself on her beautiful tail,
And gave him her soft, wet hand,
“I've long been waiting for you, my dear,
Now welcome safe to land.

Go back to your messmates for the last time,
And tell them all from me,
That you 're married to a mermaid
At the bottom of the deep blue sea."

Rule Britannia.

We sent a boat to look for him,
Expecting to find his corpse,
When—up he came with a bang and a shout,
And a voice sepulchrally hoarse :
"My comrades, and my messmates,
Oh do not look for me,
For I'm married to a mermaid
At the bottom of the deep blue sea.

Rule Britannia.

"In my chest you'll find my half-year's wage,
Likewise a lock of hair :
This locket from my neck you'll take,
And bear to my young wife dear.
My *carte-de-visite* to my grandmother take,
Tell her not to weep for me,
For I'm married to a mermaid
At the bottom of the deep blue sea."

Rule Britannia.

The anchor was weighed, and the sails unfurled,
And the ship was sailing free,
And up we went to our captain,
And our tale we told to he.
The captain went to the old ship's side,
In a loud voice bellowed he,

“Be as happy as you can, with your wife, my man,
At the bottom of the deep blue sea.”

Singing,

Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves.

Drinking Song.

COME, landlord, fill the flowing bowl,
Until it doth run over,
For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
To-morrow we'll be sober.

Chorus.—So, landlord, fill, *etc.*

He who drinks small beer,
And goes to bed sober,
Fades as the leaves do fade,
That drop off in October.
So, landlord, fill, *etc.*

He who drinks strong beer,
And goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to live,
And dies a jolly good fellow.
So, landlord, fill, *etc.*

But he who drinks just what he likes,
And getteth half-seas over,
Will live until he die perhaps,
And then lie down in clover.
So, landlord, fill, *etc.*

He who kisses a pretty girl,
And goes and tells his mother,
Ought to have his lips cut off
And never kiss another.
So, landlord, fill, *etc.*

Vive L'Amour.

LET every good fellow now fill up his glass,
Vive la compagnie!
And drink to the health of our glorious class,
Vive la compagnie!

Chorus.—Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour (*thrice*),
Vive la compagnie.

Let every married man drink to his wife,
Vive la compagnie!
The joy of his bosom and plague of his life,
Vive la compagnie.

Chorus.

Come, fill up your glasses, I'll give you a toast,
Vive la compagnie!
Here's a health to our friend, our kind, worthy
host.
Vive la compagnie.

Chorus.

Since all with good humour I've toasted so free,
Vive la compagnie!
I hope it will please you to drink now with me,
Vive la compagnie!

Chorus.

Clementine.

(WORDS AND MUSIC BY PERCY MONTROSE.)

IN a cavern, in a cañon,
Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner,
And his daughter Clementine,
Chorus.—O my darling, O my darling,
O my darling Clementine,
Thou art lost and gone for ever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Light she was, and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nine ;
Herring-boxes, without topses,
Sandals were for Clementine.

Chorus.

Drove she ducklings to the water
Every morning just at nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.

Chorus.

Saw her lips above the water
Blowing bubbles mighty fine ;
But alas ! I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.

Chorus.

In a corner of the churchyard,
Where the myrtle boughs entwine.

Grow the roses in their posies
Fertilised by Clementine.

Chorus.

Then the miner, forty-niner,
Soon began to peak and pine ;
Thought he "oughter jine" his daughter.—
Now he's with his Clementine.

Chorus.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me
Robed in garments soaked in brine
Though in life I used to hug her,
Now she's dead I'll draw the line.

Chorus

How I missed her, how I missed her
How I missed my Clementine !
But I kissed her little sister,
And forgot my Clementine.

Chorus.

King Arthur.

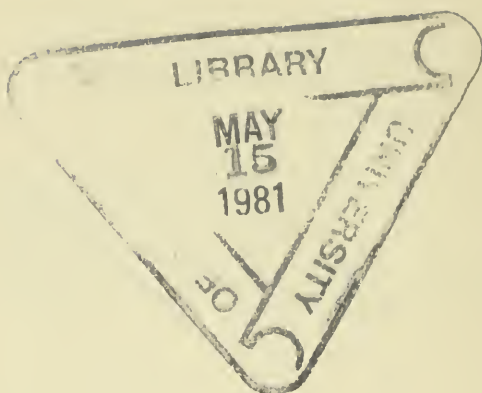
Air.—"GIN SLING."

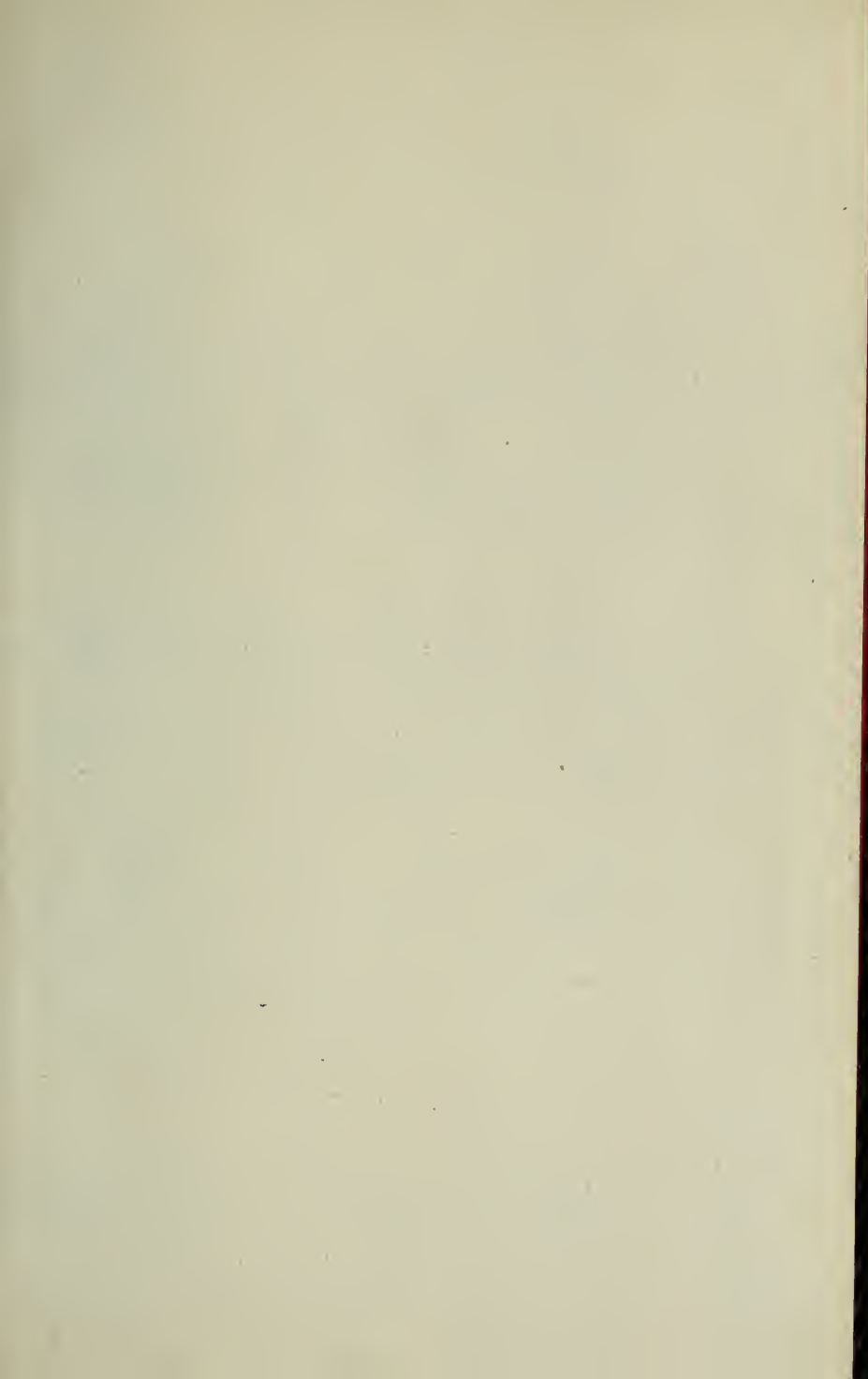
KING ARTHUR ruled the land—that he did
And a right good ruler was he—that he was
He had three sons of yore, and he kicked them
the door
Because they could not sing.

The first he was a miller—that he was ;
The second he was a weaver—that he was ;
And the third he was a little tailor boy,
With his broadcloth under his arm.

The miller he stole corn—that he did ;
The weaver he stole yarn—that he did ;
And the little tailor boy he stole corduroy
To keep the other fellows warm.

The miller he was drowned in his dam—that he was ;
The weaver he was hanged with his yarn—that he
was ;
But the devil ran away with the little tailor boy,
With the broadcloth under his arm.







PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

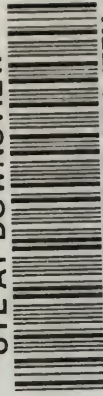
01-841-532

BRIEF

PR

0031636

UTL AT DOWNSVIEW



D RANGE BAY SHLF POS ITEM C
39 09 05 08 01 001 0